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The Democratic Party.
There is a period in the history of a party, as of everything else, when it must have an end. It dies the same as the human body dies. Preceding its final dissolution, it strives heroically and fights with the grim monster macabre. It dies by inches, and clings to life with the tenacity of despair. The death of a great party is not the work of a day, of a week, of a month or of a year. It loses its vitality so gradually, that it is difficult to tell just when the disease commenced, or when the breath stopped. The infection commences at the extremities, — far out at the fingers and toes, and it travels slowly until it reaches the head, and then dissolution takes place.

More than two years ago the masses of the Democratic party began to complain of the corruption of that party. The people became alarmed at the recklessness of the President and the leaders at Washington, and showed unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction. They denounced their head and spurned the principles sought to be forced upon them. The infection spread through the Democratic party with the rapidity that poison infuses itself through the veins and arteries of the natural body, until at last, final dismemberment took place at Charleston. The great Democratic party went down amid the roar of breakers and the hiss of the whirlwind. The lightning carried the news all over the country and alternate curses and prayers, denunciations and praise followed.

The Northern faction are now making ineffectual attempts to rally around the standard of revolt erected by the Little Giant, while the Southern Democrats swear eternal hostility to him, and sustain the corrupt policy of the Administration. In Indiana the three of the party are equally painful and ominous of death. The Democratic Governor, wallowing in the most corrupt partisan pool that ever held a sinner, backed by the two Democratic U. S. Senators, is at war with the popular sentiment of their party in this State, and the people in their primary assemblies, are denouncing them with a bitterness and a vehemence unparalleled. At this very hour Messrs. Bright and Fitch, the accredited representatives of the Democracy in the United States Senate from Indiana, are exerting all their power and all their influence to thwart the wish of the masses of the Democratic party here, while the Democratic Governor takes issue with his party and defies their censure. Thus the war goes gloriously on in Indiana, while Douglas leads a faction of the once united party, the President leads another and slaveholders and slave interests lead the third. Distracted, disrupted and divided is this party which but a few years ago swept the entire country as with the beams of destruction. Its agonies are exacerbating and its final death awaits but the meeting of the Baltimore Convention. Its quietus will there be given to it. Its windings sheets will then be folded closely around it. Its requiescent will there be. Its pall-bearers will there be present, and after the adjournment of that Convention, its obituary can be written.

SOUTHERN TRIBUTE TO MR. LINCOLN. — The Paris (Ky.) Citizen, a Southern Opposition paper says: "Mr. Lincoln, though a decided Republican a complete exponent of the purposes and spirit of the party, is not the object of those popular prejudices that attach to Mr. Seward, his strongest competitor for the nomination. He is a man of ability, not equal to Mr. Seward in culture or in his experience of public affairs, but is considered by many as his equal in natural force of intellect. We heard one of the discussions between him and Douglass in the famous campaign of 1856, and we certainly regard him as a full match, at least, for that distinguished politician. There are some things in the personal character and career of Mr. Lincoln, which will give great popularity, if they do not excite enthusiasm among the people. Born of humble parentage, and passing the years of his childhood, youth and early manhood amid the hardships of the backwoods of Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, acquiring an education by his own labors as best he could, and gradually working his way to distinction, his life has been one well calculated to excite the admiration and sympathy of voters, most of whom are themselves working men. When to this is added the purity of his private life, the general recognition of which has given him, in his own State, the sobriquet of 'Honest Old Abe,' we are compelled to admit that the Chicago Convention has nominated the very hardest man to beat it could possibly have given us."

The question now is, "How is this tick et to be beaten?" We confess that in the divided, distracted and chaotic condition of all other parties, the problem is extremely difficult of solution.

PAPERS PRONOUNCING ON LINCOLN. — The resolution of Abraham Lincoln, as the Republican candidate for President, has raised the question of its proper pronunciation — many contending that it should be pronounced according to its literal orthography — *Linc-uh-lin*. All the best authorities, however, agree in pronouncing it as *Doe-lin*. Below we give three leading authorities on the subject:

Linkton — Lippincott's Gazetteer.

Ling kung — Webster's New Dictionary.

Common Pleas Law Subnained — The State Sentinel of Thursday, the 7th inst., says: "The Supreme Court yesterday, decided that the Common Pleas law passed by the Legislature last winter, was legally and constitutionally enacted. A thorough investigation of the legislative record established the fact that the bill was introduced by Mr. Joseph A. Wright, of Indiana, the Democratic candidate for President; whenever they find it expedient and proper to change their vote from Judge Douglas."

The August, Ga., Chronicle & Sentinel says, that "the Chicago ticket is confessedly a very strong one, and Lincoln, a rough specimen of the Western Hoosier, will sweep the Northwest like a herd of wild buffalo on the prairie. Against all our enemies we consider him certain of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and New York — 108 votes."

The Rockville Republican says: "Col. Thomas H. Nelson, of Terre Haute, made a speech last Saturday at Portland Mills, to the Union Republicans Club. The audience is said to have been large, and the speech is spoken of as one of rare eloquence and power. In fact we have no need to fear the Republican cause in the hands of such a man as Tom Nelson. He exhorted all good Republicans to harmony, and to the united support of the party organization."

The Journal men are much exercised in regard to the enthusiasm on part of the Republicans. Wait for Douglas, neighbors, and keep cool.

Bout's Agent Langford has, as usual, placed us under obligations for paper favors.

Democratic Tactics.

By W. H. Garrison.

Up, again for the conflict! Our banner fling out, And round it around it with song and shout: Shout for the first, first of hand, should the gallant have his!

Who bear to the battle the flag of the Free? Like our fathers, when Liberty called to the strife;

They should pledge to her cause fortune, honor, and life!

And follow wherever she beckons them on, Till freedom exalts a victory won!

Then sing out the banner, the old starry banner, The battle-born banner that beckons us on!

They come from the hillsides, they come from the glen;

From the streets thronged with traffic, and sunning with men;

From the farm and from ledger, from workshop and home;

The fearless of heart, and the mighty of arm.

As the mountain-born torrent exultingly flows, At the winds of the prairie, the waves of the sea, They are coming — are coming — the sons of the Free!

Then sing out the banner, the old starry banner,

The war-torn banner, the flag of the Free!

Then sing out the banner, the old starry banner,

The signal of triumph for "Abe of the West!"

The West, whose broad acres, from lake-shore to sea,

Now wait for the harvest and homes of the free;

Shall the dark tide of slavery roll o'er the sod, That freedom makes bluer like the gardens of Got?

The bread of our children be torn from their mouths,

To the fierce dragon that preys on the South? Nevermore! the trust which our Washington laid On us, for the Future, shall never be betrayed!

Then sing out the banner, the old starry banner,

And on to the conflict with hearts undismayed!

The Advantages of Railroads to Suburban Property.

Our citizens in the neighborhood of large towns, wherever a new railroad is being located, spare no pains to have it run anywhere rather than over or close to their own premises. In doing this they very often make a great mistake, and for the sake of keeping their fields in their original shape, keep them from advancing in value.

Let the citizens of Terre Haute only look at the present growth of the city, and they will see that the improvements are following the several railroads, and this has been the case elsewhere, and cities have grown out on the great thoroughfares which have brought them their business. The recent inventions in railroad machinery are still increasing this tendency — Street railroads which can not be supported in small cities have their places supplied, to a considerable extent, by the larger lines of road which run through them, and draw the improvements out onto them. The combining locomotives and cars for running in short trains in and out of the cities on our main lines of railroads, at a very trifling expense, will soon give our citizens a living a few miles out of Terre Haute, the advantages of frequent trains and cheap fares, and so give the residents on the imitative line of the roads, great advantages over all others, and so create a demand for lands and homesteads on the roads which will raise the market value of such property very fast.

Is not this rather rich? When an enthusiasm in favor of Mr. Lincoln is prevailing among the people to an extent unparallelled in the political history of this country — when the action of the Chicago Convention meets with the universal approbation of those opposed to the corruption of the Democratic party everywhere, and when bonfires are blazing on every hill top and the echoes of Republican canons are reverberating along every valley — when loud, long and enthusiastic hails are going up from every village and city from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in honor of Freedom, Lincoln and Hamlin, the State Sentinel has the effrontery to say that the nomination has "fallen dead," and nothing more.

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The position of those two editors re-minds us very forcibly of an unfortunate individual who was about to be drowned during the great flood. As the water came up around him, he retired from the low lands to the mountain districts, and as the flood came on apace and billow after billow, and a few moments' more, would certainly strangle him. Just at this moment of his dreadful calamity, he went step by step up until at last he stood upon the very mountain top. The forty days and nights a rain however soon reached that point. He then climbed the highest tree and stood upon the highest limb of that tree. Soon the water came up there also, and had reached his knees, when up to his waist, next to his neck and was just beginning to run into his mouth, and in a few moments' more, would certainly strangle him. Just at this moment of his dreadful calamity, he went step by step up until at last he stood upon the very mountain top. The Ark of Noah full of active life and all board in the best of spirits and having a good time generally. The poor drowning man halted at the top of his voice for assistance. He at first endeavored to righten Father Noah that he might come and take him. The water rose, and a slight strangulation ensued. He strangled out his hands and prayed imploringly, and he reached the old Patriarch to stop the Ark and take him aboard. To his bare entries, threats and prayers Father Noah turned a deaf ear. At last the drowning man becoming desperate in his awful condition and summing up all his strength and courage, cried out at the top of his voice — "Go to H — i with your old Ark, if you want to be saved after all."

That fellow was drowned in about ten seconds after he made the last remark — The reader may make the application.

The Democracy of the First Congressional District, of Indiana, met at Princeton, on the 30th ult., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress.

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